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554,178 in JULY.

THE WORLD'S
CIRCULATION
IN JULY WAS

554,178

PER DAY.

THE WEEK'S COMBINED
CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING
WORLD AND THE MORNING
WORLD IN JULY WAS
1,108,356. The combined
circulation of the Evening
World and the Morning
World in July was
1,108,356. The combined
circulation of the Evening
World and the Morning
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CIRCULATION FOR

July, 1895 - 554,178 per day

July, 1896 - 500,708 per day

July, 1897 - 541,040 per day

July, 1898 - 571,469 per day

Per day.

Gain in one year - 53,473

Gain in four years - 213,138

Gain in twelve years - 516,709

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"PLAY BALL!"

It is rather early for politics, but an interview with ex-Secretary William C. Whitney on political topics is always in season and always of interest. The reason is that when Mr. Whitney talks he has something to say and says that something well.

The Whitney interview at Bar Harbor in yesterday's "World" is a welcome contribution to the political thought of the day. The ex-Secretary believes that Mr. Cleveland is stronger with the people than ever and that the Democratic party is in better condition than it has been at any former period since the war. Yet he is not a believer in a third term, and says: "I cannot conceive that anything except perhaps a practically unanimous call would induce Mr. Cleveland again to be a candidate."

The good common sense of the people will endorse all that Mr. Whitney predicts about the condition of the country and the certain appreciation by the people of the benefits Democratic rule has wrought. When the country prospers, rising tendency of prices and wages, the people will correctly judge between the two parties, and the Republicans will find themselves without an issue.

Mr. Whitney's interesting interview is supplemented today by talk with ex-Gov. Flower, whose strong common sense, fearless honesty and independence and determination to do what he regards as right under all circumstances are better and better appreciated, and make a good addition to the ex-Secretary's views on the campaign. Ex-Gov. Flower will be a delegate to the Convention and is a strong believer in returning prosperity and a warm advocate of Mr. Whitney's nomination, whose consent to run he thinks would be secured if it should be shown that his candidacy is a party necessity.

This is a good opening of the Presidential game. Play ball!

Roswell P. Flower says he is not a candidate for the Presidency. All the same, he has more of a chance of being struck by the lightning this time than ever before.

I OKE LIKE AN AD.

If Corbett and Fitzsimmons were making plans together to give their big fight in Texas a free advertisement after the manner of the theatrical advance agent they could not have done better than they did at Philadelphia, when they called each other names and then actually started in at each other.

Such a scheme as that beats divorces and diamonds all hollow. The principals separate breathing vows of revenge and threats of what they will do when they meet in the ring. Simple people, who go long distances to prize fights, immediately make up their minds that the next fight is something they cannot afford to miss, because it will be more for blood than for the purse. They expect to see not only buckets of blood, but bones broken and joints cracked. Indeed, this time it has been threatened that one of the fighters will have his "pompadour punched off him."

Then, when the awful but harmless men gather, how and they will be to see that there is no deep-seated hatred, no desire to kill and no plans to punch pompadours; how sad they will be to learn that all this was advertising—the glorious posters outside of the one-horse circus.

Liberty and Equality, Now and Forever.

OYE TO GRIEF.

The star witness of the Lexow Committee, with whom the sensationalism of the police investigation started, was Gideon Granger, the son-in-law of ex-Commissioner McClave. When Granger took the stand to blast the character of his wife's father by testifying that he had received money for police appoint-

ments, Mr. McClave, in intense excitement, denounced him as a forger and thief, and offered evidence to prove his rascality. But he was not allowed to assault the witness, who was under "protection," and the prosecuting officers were compelled to forego any proceedings against Granger on the ground that they would be interfering with and obstructing the Lexow Committee's work.

Last night this same Gideon Granger was arrested and lodged in jail in Detroit on a charge of forgery. It is alleged that he has swindled right and left in Detroit by means of worthless checks and cash, and that he fled to Canada to avoid arrest. Venturing back to Detroit, however, he has been laid by the heels, and is now in jail.

If the charges against him are sustained, the stories told by ex-Commissioner McClave at the time of the Lexow examination will be confirmed, and Mr. McClave will receive a tardy share of sympathy and justification. The unsupported evidence of a forger and thief ought not to be allowed to blast any man's character.

Frederic R. Coudert has a chance to end his career with a lawyer's highest ambition—a seat on the Supreme Court Bench. He will lose money by giving up his practice, but to such a man honor, bright honor, is valued far above mere money.

A WAT OUT.

The courts interpret the law. The police see that they are obeyed in accordance with the interpretation. "The World's" interesting article by an ex-District-Attorney on Sunday excise enforcement in the past shows that since the foundation of the city the public display of liquor on Sunday has been prohibited "for the better observance" of the day.

With very few interruptions the law has been construed as preventing the public display of bars on Sundays and disorderly acts offensive to the religious observance of the day.

When the Metropolitan Board of Police was created a clause in the reform law made it the duty of the Board and its Superintendent to enforce the Sunday law. Ex-Recorder Frederick A. Talmadge, who had been also a member of the Excise Board, was Superintendent of Police. A consultation was held in which the Superintendent, the Corporation Counsel and the District-Attorney took part. They concluded that the intent of the law was to prevent public traffic in liquor.

Why should not a conference be held now by the Police Magistrate and the Benchmen Judges on the proper interpretation of the Sunday law?

In Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of right is his persecution according to law? Certainly if his interpretation of the law is correct his own Sunday champagne cocktail or claret cup at the club is as illegal as the sale of a glass of beer over a bar. The talk about the strict enforcement of the law is a sham and a fraud.

Mr. Cleveland is away off in his calculation if he thinks he can capture that third by using William C. Whitney as bait. That is not the kind of a mummy chug W. C. W. is. Besides, before Mr. Cleveland can use mummy chug for bait he must first catch his mummy chug.

NEW ENGLAND PASTIMES.

Hartford, Connecticut, like many other towns in New England, is blent with a worthy but rather exacting Puritanical past better than the inside of a church, they have a leader—they always have—who is the slickest of the gang and is great for putting up little sportive jobs and innocently seeming to be unconnected with their accomplices. His name is Sammie Tucker.

The pastor's favorite pastime is that which he lives a good distance from the church he has not missed Sunday service in over forty years. Two weeks ago yesterday, while driving with his family to church as usual, the wagon parted from the horse or the horse from the wagon, and the good pastor, his wife and his four children were stranded in the road. Some one had removed the bolts from the wagon.

The pastor severely denounced a trick which had broken up the pastor's record and attributed it to Master Tucker and his playful associates. The pastor rides a fat, easy-going white cob, and yesterday when a gentleman started for church the white horse had become a bright carmine. Somebody had got into the stable and changed old Dobbin's color.

All the Congregationalists in Hartford are now searching for red paint, and will be to Master Samuel Tucker, who should be found in his possession. But nobody who knows Sammie believes this is probable.

Mr. Roosevelt's police covered themselves with glory yesterday. They arrested a woman who was carrying meat to put in a refrigerator, a bartender who sold a cigar and several saloon-keepers who gave away ice-water and butter-milk. Warrants will be asked for the weather clerk for giving away rain on Sunday.

The big brewers have filed in the past ten days mortgages on the humble beer-sellers of this town for \$16,000. Mr. Roosevelt's shot and shell seems to scatter where only poor men will be hurt.

"The World" follows up its broadcast of a week ago on Liberty with another this morning on equality. Such words are needed when the belief seems to be general that whatever is Reform is Right.

The withdrawal of American missionaries from China would be equivalent to admitting that this country is unable to protect her citizens while abroad.

Now they say mummy chugs are not good to eat. They must be all wrong. You don't suppose G. C. would waste time catching things not good to eat.

Mr. Whitney seems to be the only one opposed to his own nomination as Presidential candidate.

The strong man of every triumvirate becomes a dictator. Let Tammany beware.

So, after all Roosevelt's cry there is just as much drinking as ever on Sunday. And oh, horrible thought! is he

UP TO CÆSAR AND AFTER MORE.



Grover C. Has Had Three Trials at It Already, and He Won't Say He Is Not Trying for It Again.

"The Evening World's" Gallery of
Living Pictures.



HENRY J. COGGESHAL.

This is a picture of the State Senator from Oneida County, whom the Republicans have turned down because he loved Platt better than his party. He is called "Coggie," and says he will run as a stump candidate.

dead sure some of these drink aslers are not sealing up some of the policemen's eyes with adhesive greenbacks.

It is gratifying to hear of successful tests of new destroyers at Sandy Hook. It is still more gratifying to know that there is no immediate prospect of them being put into actual use.

It was a wet Sunday for the heroic life-saver who rescued four people from drowning yesterday. He has not been arrested yet, however.

With Mr. Gilroy's finesse, Mr. Martin's political skill and Mr. Purroy's determination, Tammany has a formidable triumvirate.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Far Behind John Bull.

Following British methods has been one of the greatest follies of this Administration, but we trust that somebody at Washington noticed the quickness of Lord Salisbury in demanding from China an explanation of the Ka-Cheng murders.—Boston Journal.

A Mistaken Mariner.

In declaring for free silver coins Mr. J. J. Ingalls is trying to sail to the wrong brook.—Indianapolis News.

Don't Spin.

"Tain't no man makes de most fur dat does de most business," said Uncle Remus, looking at a crowd of men who were spinning in the field. "No spinners, no business!"—Washington Star.

Political Clubs.

White India rubber balloons are suggested for New York's police, may claim the old style clubs will be used to knock out the Sunday law.—Philadelphia Times.

Warned in Time.

The Bazaar Commercial says: "Let us buy Cuba." All right, but don't buy it in a cent to help you out if you find it a bad bargain.—Chicago Dispatch.

Room for Them.

The new women of France are demanding the right to be in the army. The army is a room for them.—Boston Globe.

May They Be as Swift.

As indication is the swiftest sailing the fact that the French will build two cruisers like the Columbia proves she is the gem of the ocean.—Philadelphia Press.

But a Wheel Can Be Stolen.

The use of the bicycle is said to have destroyed the horse-drawn industry in the West. The wheel has reduced the broncho to a state in which he is not worth stealing. Owners do not guard them and thieves cannot sell them, so there is neither glory nor profit in pilfering them.—Elmira Gazette.

He Doesn't Want to Play.

Inasmuch as the Defender has shown that she can sell all around the National the public will not be surprised if she should show that she does and go home.—Milwaukee Journal.

WORLDINGS.

The Central Liberal Organization of London is said to have accumulated \$100,000 to be used in elections.

A new fad of society girls is to collect the little boxes from the bathtubs of their gentlemen friends.

In 184 the cold at Conspicuous was so severe that the Black Sea was frozen for fifty miles from shore.

A distinguished French specialist is now claiming that a hypodermic injection of nitrate of strychnine will cure alcoholism.

The wife of an English clergyman has been accused to taxonomic dogs (supplement for being a "professional" barker.

Secretary Carlisle has directed that hereafter United States fish be limited to one fish per public buildings under the control of the Treasury Department during the hours of business unless stormy weather prevents its display. The revenue flag is also to be displayed over custom-houses.

A BLOCK OF FIVE.

Impossible.

Mr. Cackie-Maria, I hope that you won't be with me when I die.

Mrs. Cackie-Why?

Mr. Cackie-I may have some last word to say.

Pick Me Up.

He was saying all sorts of things to her.

"Oh, I was your garden," he replied heatedly.

"I meant nothing by it."

"That's just what I don't like, sir. What I want to hear is something you mean."—Detroit Free Press.

Those Long Nights.

The clock struck Jan 1 and then Feb. 18, but still she was alone.

The woman was alone, but still, starting from a troubled dream every two or three weeks.

"Will he never come?"

Presently, however, she heard the familiar foot-fall.

"Thanked again," she groaned. "It is hardly ten years since he was drunk before."

It was very late.

The gray dawn was already breaking, and in less than a month it would be broad day.—Detroit Tribune.

Could Not Be Hoodooed.

"Music hath charms," she said to her country cousin.

"It can't charm me," was his reply. "For I've got a rabbit foot in my pocket."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Recipe for Loneliness.

"I'm tired of the busy-busy," said the man of sentiment. "I am weary of humanity and its bickerings. I long for solitude."

"Well," replied his practical friend, "there is only one way I know of that your wish can be gratified."

"What is that?"

"Go over to Kentucky and lecture on prohibition."—Washington Star.

TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

Advice About Ailments That May Be Safely Treated at Home.

I have a bad cough, a legacy of the grip. Will you please advise a remedy?

Get a mixture composed of two drams of marinate of ammonia, two drams of fluid extract of cubeba, two ounces of brown mixture and enough syrup of wild cherry bark to make four ounces. Take one teaspoonful every three hours.

I am quite nervous and cannot sleep at night. Please point a good remedy.

CHLORIDE OF POTASSIUM, 10 grains. Try sublingual. Take fifteen grains in hot milk or water at bedtime, and repeat the dose in an hour or two, if necessary.

Please let me know what to take for nervousness. I am easily worried, am very nervous and my heart palpitates very much at times; have a good deal of nervousness, and always thinking towards night I get worse and cannot sleep. I cannot see a doctor, as I am out of work and money.

Get some pills of the valerianates of iron, quinine and zinc, each containing three grains of the combined drugs, and take one every three hours.

I have had frequent bilious attacks for some time past. My tongue is heavily coated and my eyes are quite yellow. Please mention a remedy.

Try phosphate of soda. Take a teaspoonful in water three times a day.

I notice you advise Warburg's treatment for malaria. Does it contain quinine?

Yes.

Do you consider creosote good for a cough when one's lungs are affected? How should I use it?

1. Yes. 2. Take one-half dram of pure beechwood creosote to eight ounces of sweetened water.

The dose for an adult is from one-half to one tablespoonful, to be taken three times a day.

M. D. C.—An operation is necessary in such cases. Self-treatment is impossible.

East Side—Apply at Mount Sinai Hospital, Lexington avenue and Sixty-ninth street.

L. A. A., Jersey City, N. J.—Take twenty grains of citrate of potash in water every three hours.

J. P. WHITNEY, M. D.

BRODIE'S AWFUL CRIME.

Oh, my! have you heard of the horrible crime committed by Brodie-Jump in New York?

Without saying the name of the man, I will tell you that he was a very bad man.

No wonder they ran the hold law-breaker in.

For Tammy's sake be discreet.

Remember the awful and terrible sin of giving away lambs.

An awful example of him should be made.

He ought to be hanged at the stake.

For giving Tammy a rope to hang himself.

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DRAMATIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Baritone Steger Seeks Freedom
from Notoriety—London to
Have an Unknown "Tribby."

Julius Steger, the good-looking young baritone, who in "The Algerians" was the victim of osculatory circumstances over which he had no control, is going to make a manly effort to free himself from an amount of notoriety which, he declares, has been most distasteful to him, and seek a New York verdict on his own merits. Mr. Steger is in London at present—Miss Tempest is in London—and he is very bitter on the subject of his treatment here. "How could I be expected to do anything in 'The Algerians'?" he said yesterday. "When the audience was simply waiting for those ridiculous kisses that had been discussed all over the land? It was horrible, and I hated it. Any man would. I left London in order to stay quietly here for a few weeks. I return Aug. 20 to rehearse with the 'His Excellency' company, which Mr. S. Gilbert himself is writing for George Edwards. Then, with that company, I come back to New York, and play the leading male part at the Broadway Theatre. Miss Nancy McIntosh plays the leading female part. I have been engaged for two seasons by George Edwards, which surely shows that I have more in me than I have been credited with having. I don't want any more notoriety. I have had quite enough of it." Mr. Steger is perfectly serious, and is burning anxious to be viewed henceforth as an actor.

Don't remember that, before the production of "Tribby" an actor vented an opinion in this column to the effect that the leading role of the play would be played by some beautiful but absolutely unknown woman? Well, that advice is going to be followed in London. Instead of getting Miss Marion Terry, or Mrs. Pat Campbell, or some other popular actress, the producers have selected a Miss Dorothy Baird, a remarkably young and statuesque nobody who has been on the stage for a year only. This was a wise move, and it will materially enhance the value of the London production, besides making Steger more conspicuous than ever.

Miss Nanette Comstock, who has been playing in "The Girl I Left Behind" in London, has returned to New York. She was very homesick. She hated England, could not be played by some beautiful but absolutely unknown woman, and simply pine for New York. Yet it appears she had her pictures in the papers (which she doesn't have in New York) and of rare occurrence here. The girl was a great success in London. Even Charles Frohman admits that the performance was an admirable one, although a trifle American.

Young Salvini's company this season will rival the singer's in the number of language. Salvini's dialect of his own country, predominance, and he has engaged a number of Italian actors to support Booth in Germany under the name of Adelbert Bruehl. The mixture of Italian and German names should be very gratifying. Why doesn't Salvini secure Frederick Bellville, and thus add a Belgian flavor to his company, and if he could but induce that great actor of the French, Jeanne, to lead the list of foreign actors, Salvini would go miles to hear English as she speaks.

Mantell may go to Australia. He is preparing his company for the worst. Australia being the worst of all the places not to buy too much wardrobe. Mantell is a very thoughtful man, and he has been thinking of the worst of all the places not to buy too much wardrobe. Mantell is a very thoughtful man, and he has been thinking of the worst of all the places not to buy too much wardrobe.

Everybody will be pleased to know that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have just settled down in their new home. The new home is a very comfortable one, and the Kendals are very happy. The new home is a very comfortable one, and the Kendals are very happy.

It is the custom of a good many out-of-town stock companies to tour the important parts of a play upon the tour of the tour. The tour of the tour is a very important part of the tour. The tour of the tour is a very important part of the tour.

Miss Mabel Amber will be the Tribby in the company that plays at Ashbury Park this week